CANADA

PUBLIC ARCHIVES

ARCHIVES PUBLIQUES

"IN HIS
KEEPING."
BY
AMY PARKINSON.

"In His Keeping."

"In His Keeping:"

WORDS OF SUSTAINING

FROM

THE SOURCE OF ALL STRENGTH;

WITH

KINDRED THOUGHTS IN VERSE

BY

AMY PARKINSON,

AUTHOR OF "LOVE THROUGH ALL."

TORONTO:
THE UPPER CANADA TRACT SOCIETY,
102 YONGE STREET.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada,
in the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety-seven,
by Amy Parkinson,
in the office of the Minister of Agriculture,
at Ottawa.

77790

PREFACE.

LIKE its predecessor, *Love Through All*, this simple collection of brief daily readings is *A Voice from a Sick Room*, the occupant of which is unable to write her own thoughts, or to make even the small amount of Biblical research which such a work would ordinarily require. The Scripture quotations are all from marked passages in her Bible, which have been truly *Words of Sustaining*, spoken in times of special weakness and trial, through the lips of a friend who possesses, indeed, "the tongue of them that are taught." * The great comfort thus brought to a very weary heart has given rise to the wish within it to send these same texts forth to others, with the addition of some extracts from the verses, dictated from time to time, which have been so precious a means of communion with God in long hours of strengthlessness and seclusion. At the foot of each extract will be found the title of the poem from which it is taken. May the little book have a mission of cheer for many who are suffering or in sorrow: and to all into whose hands it shall come may it bring anew the thought of "Him that is able to KEEP them from falling, and to present them faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy."

* "The Lord God hath given me the tongue of them that are taught, that I should know how to sustain with words him that is weary."
—*Isaiah* l, 4, R.V.

"*Kept* by the power of God."

"He *kept* him as the apple of His eye."

"Thou wilt *keep* him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."

IN Jesus' keeping, Here and There—
On earth and in His heaven so fair—
And Love through All between :
No season shall be ours, of woe ;
No time of suffering we shall know—
In days that intervene
Between this moment and the hour
When, answering His word of power,
To yon bright world we rise—
But to our highest good will tend,
When pain shall cease and sorrow end,
Beyond these darkened skies.

First Day.

"The Lord is thy keeper."

THE Lord doth keep, by night and day,
His people everywhere;
None too remote or lowly are
His guardianship to share. . . . . .

He smooths the way for those amid
Earth's busy throng who tread,
And watches tenderly beside
Each lonely sufferer's bed.

To weary ones He whispereth
Of the resting-time to come,
And comforts grief-bowed hearts with hope
Of a glad, immortal home.

"The Lord is Thy Keeper."

Second Day.

"Lo, I am with you alway

WHY so cast down, when thou knowest Me near thee?
Is not My Presence sufficient to cheer thee?
Strength in thy weakness, and comfort for sadness,
Power is in Me to turn mourning to gladness:
Rise, drooping heart, for, by night and by day,
Lo! I am with thee, am with thee always. . . .

Look onward! look up! there are joys set before thee!
Light is beyond the dark clouds that hang o'er thee!
Let hope with thy patience be sweetly combining
To drive from thy soul every thought of repining:
Soon shall around thee shine heaven's bright day
And thou shalt be with Me, be with Me for aye.

— Cheer.

Third Day.

"At evening time it shall be light

Has thy brief day of life
Grown dark in morning hours? Have hoped-for joys
Flitted across thy path and turned aside
Ere thou couldst overtake them? and have sorrows
Waited thy coming? Raise thy tear-dimmed eyes
And watch the west. The evening hours draw near,
When heaven's most glorious light shall make thee glad.
E'en now earth's clouds grow thin and luminous
With the exceeding brightness from beyond:
And soon the veil will be withdrawn and thou
Shalt pass the wondrous gates, within whose portals
Do joys await thee; and through which no sorrow
Can find an entrance, where the light shines on
Undimmed forever.

—"At Evening Time it Shall be Light."

Fourth Day.

He giveth power to the faint

SORROWS surround— and oh, my heart grows faint,
The journey seems so long;
Yet can I still endure: the Lord, Himself,
He is my strength and song.

His Presence will be with me all the way,
To cheer, sustain and guide,
Until, at last, I come where nevermore
Shall aught of ill betide.

—Confidence.

Fifth Day.

"Strengthened with all might, according to His glorious power, unto all patience and longsuffering with joyfulness."

SHALL I not e'en with thankfulness
Endure this sad unrest,
Since Thou dost let me lean my head
Upon Thy gentle breast;
And since I never should have known,
But for these days of pain,
How tender and how strong Thou art,
To comfort and sustain?

I will, I will be patient, Lord,
Yea, even joy to bear
The weary hours, on earth below,
Which Thou with me wilt share—
Till the blest time when, folded in
Thine arms of might and love,
With Thee my happy soul shall rise
To the glad world above.

Response.

Sixth Day.

"My peace I give unto you."

HOW sweet is the soothing with Jesus we find,
For sorrow-pressed spirit or care-laden mind;
How precious the peace His redeemed ones know,
Though round them rough tides of adversity flow. . .

No grief-bended head but may lean on His breast,
No earth-weary heart in His love but may rest;
He hath solace for each,—and in safety, at last,
He will bring where all trouble for aye shall be past.

—Solace

Seventh Day.

"Unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul."

MY soul is waiting for its God,
His ways, His times are best ;
I build my hope upon His word,
And here I find my rest.

But while I wait I lift to Him
An earnest, longing gaze,
As watchmen wait, with wakeful eyes,
For the first morning rays :

Yea, even more than watchmen look
Until the darkness flee,
Looks forth my soul, with strong desire
The Lord of Light to see.

—Psalm CXXX.

Eighth Day.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

IN quietness: not in vain, fretful chafing
Against the limits God hath set for thee,
But in a calm and patient acquiescence
Thy strength shall be. . . . . .

Then chafe not, fret not, make His will thy pleasure;
Trust His wise love, and wait unmurmuringly;
So shalt thou prove how perfect in thy weakness
His strength can be.

Ninth Day.

"Joint-heirs with Christ: if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together."

Not to thee there comes
A time of suffering, but I do long
For that glad day when these, Mine arms, spread now
Beneath and round thee, swift shall raise and bear
Where pain is not.

And even now thou shouldst
Arise with Me were not My love for thee
Strong as 'tis tender; so that it can choose
Thy present sorrow, knowing this doth tend
To future happiness. . . . . .

Thou read'st not now
This mystery aright; but thou shalt read
Hereafter. And, meanwhile, with patient heart
Sure thou canst wait; for lo, I wait with thee—
Unto the bright, bright end!

—Not Comfortless.

Tenth Day.

My grace is sufficient for thee.

THE crosses from which we are shrinking
He is ready Himself to share,—
He will give of His power to our fainting souls,
And on Him we may cast our care.

If He do not on earth remove them—
These burdens that weigh so sore—
His arm of support will be under each load,
Until earth and its burdens be o'er. . . .

He will shew forth His strength in our weakness;
His grace all-sufficient will be
Till we enter, at last, when time's sorrows are past,
On the bliss of eternity.

—"Ye Careth."

Eleventh Day.

"His inheritance"

HIS, His are we!—Oh, thought supremely sweet!
His, Who is pledged that He will keep the feet
Of His redeemed ones: His, beneath Whose wing
They are secure from every hurtful thing:
His, Whose compassionate heart toward them doth move,
With truest sympathy and tenderest love,
In every time of woe: His, His alone
Who is, in all things, mindful of His own. . . . .
Yes, we are His!—Oh, happy, happy thought!
Oh, words with richest consolation fraught!—
His, for all days of time, His tender care
To prove, in every trial we must bear;
And more than this; we still His own shall be,
Throughout a sorrowless eternity.

—His Own.

Twelfth Day.

"My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever."

IN Thee we trust: hold Thou our hands in Thine;
Stay human feebleness on might divine!
Thou art the one support that can avail
To bear us up when heart and flesh do fail.

O let us cling to Thee! and ne'er remove
Till safely brought to the bright world above!
For thus alone it may to us be given
To gain an entrance through the gate of heaven.

— At Nightfall.

Thirteenth Day.

"Look not at the things which are seen.

NEVER mind if midnight shadows
Lie across our onward way;
Look unto the glorious ending—
Shineth there eternal day.

Never mind if storms break o'er us,
And a rugged path we tread;
Smoothly stretch celestial roadways,
Tranquil skies above them spread. . . .

Never mind, oh, never mind them—
Tempest, darkness, sadness, pain!
Travel we to the blest country
Where no ills an entrance gain.

—Never Mind!

Fourteenth Day.

[illegible]

NO gift save of Thy choosing!
No joy Thou dost not send!
No path but the one Thou pointest out,
Dear Lord, till earth shall end!

The heart of flesh may falter,
And long for some boon denied;
But the soul hath ever its wish with Thine,
And would follow where Thou dost guide.

"Thy Will be Done."

Fifteenth Day.

"I am the Lord, I change not."

I am the Lord—the everlasting God,
Whose nature doth immutable endure.
My deep compassions fail not. Tenderness
Is an exhaustless fountain in My heart.
My care is constant: never have My people
Been left unfriended in their hours of need.

. . . . . .

I am the Lord,
I change not. These, My words, are true and faithful—
Not death itself shall part Mine own from Me,
Who, loving once, love on eternally.

—Unchangeable.

Sixteenth Day.

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee"

DEAR Lord, my heart hath sorrows it would confide to Thee,
And fears that it would ask Thee to dispel,—
Bend Thou more closely o'er me, to catch the whispers low,
And breathe Thy sweet "Tis I, all shall be well."

While Thou dost stay and comfort the feeblest cannot fall,—
The saddest souls smile, even through their tears,
And, 'neath the sure protection of Thine Almighty Wing,
Hearts that grew faint triumph o'er boding fears.

Before Thy children call Thee Thou answerest, O Lord!
E'en now my head reclines against Thy breast!
And Thou wilt soothe my sadness, banish my every fear,
And safely bring me to Thy Endless Rest.

—"Present Help."

Seventeenth Day.

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

WITH hand close clasped in His, all fearless tread
The unknown way before thee;
His presence on thy path will radiance shed,
Though dark the shadows o'er thee.

His strong right arm shall thy frail form surround,
If enemies o'ertake thee,—
No ill can harm whilst thou with Him art found,
And He will ne'er forsake thee.

—"Trust in Him at All Times."

Eighteenth Day.

"Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom."

ROUGH is the path? Still thy feet shall not stumble;
Steep the ascent? Thou shall fail not of strength;
Thy God will make plain the rough places before thee—
On His arm thou shalt lean thro' the journey's whole length.

Is thy life sad? There is bliss in the future;
Knowest thou sickness? In heaven is no pain;
The Lord doth prepare thee a crown of rejoicing—
If thou suffer with Him, with Himself thou shalt reign.

Reassurance.

Nineteenth Day.

"Call upon Me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and wonderous things which thou knowest not."

HERE I am, close bending o'er thee;
None beside was e'er so near;
Speak but in thy weakest whisper—
Every word will reach My ear. . . . .

No, not here thou comprehendest
Why I let thee suffer so,
When I love thee; but hereafter
'Twill be granted thee to know,

And amid the joys supernal,
Which thou soon with Me shalt share,
Thou wilt praise Me for each sorrow
That it now is thine to bear.

—Not Forsaken.

Twentieth Day.

"Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far mor exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

THESE, our afflictions, soon shall fade and vanish :
But the exceeding joys whereto they tend—
And which will far outweight them—shall be changeless
Through years that cannot end.

We see not, now, how from earth's bitter sorrows
Heaven's fruitage sweet of happiness can grow,—
But He Whose promises have ne'er been broken
Tells us it shall be so.

—Peaceable Fruits.

Twenty-first Day.

"He shall give His angels charge over thee."

IN their strong hands, gentle to soothe, but firm
To give support, thou shalt be borne o'er all
The roughest places. . . . . .
And though a swift, dark stream
Flows near, and in its windings often comes
So close it seems that it must cross thy path—
Though rough winds catch the rising spray, and leave
Its cold touch on thy face, thou need'st not fear;
God's ministering spirits have their charge
That harm befall thee not. And though, indeed,
The tide must once be crossed—that crossing o'er,
The angels' charge may end; for thou shalt then
Be sheltered, safe, and fearless, where no ways
Are wearisome, no rough winds ever blow,
And dangers all are past.

—The Angels' Charge.

Twenty-second Day.

"In my Father's house are many mansions
I go to prepare a place for you."

THERE stands for me a mansion, glorious bright,
In a far land where ne'er is grief nor night,
But where, through endless rounds of happy days,
From care-freed hearts rise joyous songs of praise.

I have a Friend in that glad world above,
A Friend Who loves me with unequalled love;
'Tis He Who makes my home so wondrous fair,
And His dear voice will bid me welcome there.

O Saviour-King! Friend of the matchless love!
When glad I enter to my home above—
Earth's sorrows ended, and its darkness o'er—
How shall my songful heart Thy praise out-pour!

"His Great Love."

Twenty-third Day.

"He giveth more grace."

REST thee, O rest thee, thy Saviour is nigh,
Shrink not from the days which before thee may lie ;
The Friend Who has hitherto watched by thy side
Will never forsake if new trials betide. . . . . .

Trust Him, O trust Him, He loves and He knows—
In love He hath planned all thy life to its close ;
Confide in him fully, leave all to His care,
Each cross that He gives He will help thee to bear.

—"Rest in the Lord."

Twenty-fourth Day.

"Yet will I be to them as a little sanctuary in the countries where they shall come."

WHERE'ER Thou art, O Lord, is Holy Place—
And solitary souls may claim Thy grace;
Then, though I go not forth to worship Thee,
Oh, let me ceaseless feel Thy Presence circling me!

Accept the faltering prayers I feebly raise,
And listen to my few, faint words of praise:
Thee doth this trembling heart truly adore;
Thine is its deepest love—would I could render more!

Thyself my sanctuary;—blessèd Lord,
If Thou, indeed, fulfil to me this word,
Well may I stay content where I am come,
Till Thou shalt bid me rise to Thy Eternal Home.

—Worship.

Twenty-fifth Day.

"Ye are My witnesses."

UNWORTHY, oh, all unworthy am I,
To be used, dear Lord, by thee ;
Yet many a message, glad and sweet,
Thou hast trusted to me, even me.

I wonder, I wonder, and oft I weep,
When I think how Thou honorest me—
And how all unworthy I am, dear Lord,
To utter a word for Thee.

But, though I have nothing of worthiness,
My wish is, indeed, Thy will ;
And I long, I long to be used by Thee—
O give me Thy messages still !

—Messages.

Twenty-sixth Day.

"Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid

IN all thy afflictions He, too, is afflicted;
No season of suffering or sorrow is thine,
Oh! naught that Thou dreadest doth ever approach thee,—
But wakes a new thrill of compassion divine. . .

List thou to His voice, which, in softest of accents,
Most sweetly doth speak to thee: "Be of good cheer,
My strength through each trial shall surely sustain thee;
Peace, peace troubled heart, let Me banish thy fear."

"Closer than a Brother."

Twenty-Seventh Day.

"The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

Then, though the cross
Press heavily upon us, and remove not
Till we have trod life's pathway to its close,—
We will not e'er repine. He, who, for us,
Doth keep such bliss incomparable in
His heaven of joy, will, while we wait on earth,
Permit no useless pain. . . . . .
So, when His ways are most inscrutable,—
Be our faith but the stronger! When the road
O'er which He bids us journey, steeper grows,
While thickening clouds surround,—be hope more sure!
The darkest hour is Usher to the Dawn;
The steepest path, and most beclouded, ends
Upon the mountain top in light resplendent.

—"Not Worthy to be Compared."

Twenty-eighth Day.

"The things which are seen are temporal: but the things which are not seen are eternal."

JOY'S fair flowers—in life's fresh morning
Fade they fast, and die ?
Thou shalt gather brighter blossoms,
'Neath a purer sky.
Stars of hope that sparkled o'er thee—
Do their lights decline ?
Falter not—for straight before thee
Heaven's glories shine.

—Compensation.

Twenty-ninth Day.

"Having a desire to depart, . . . nevertheless to abide . . . is more needful."

Thou cans't not err—
And, knowing this, the spirit stays her flight
Without demur,
To listen if, perchance, Thou make her yet
Thy messenger:

For Thou dost breathe,
To souls that wait and listen, words of cheer;
And so dost wreathe
Their grief with joy, that they to other souls
May joy bequeath.

If this be why
Thy weary one still lingers 'mid the scenes
She fain would fly—
Lord, let the lips that speak Thy messages
Emit no sigh!

—At Thy Behest.

Thirtieth Day.

"With Christ."

IT matters not whether I go or stay :
Since He will be with me, either way . . .
He will give me glad foretastes of rest and joy,
And His praise shall my feeble lips employ,
While I still dwell under earth's stormy skies :—
And when to His heaven serene I rise,
Calmer and fuller and sweeter shall be
The rest which will last eternally,
While richly up in my thankful heart
A perennial spring of joy shall start—
And with tuneful voice, from all faltering free,
I will render Him praise that shall perfect be—
When my King, in His wonderful beauty, I see.

—Here or There.

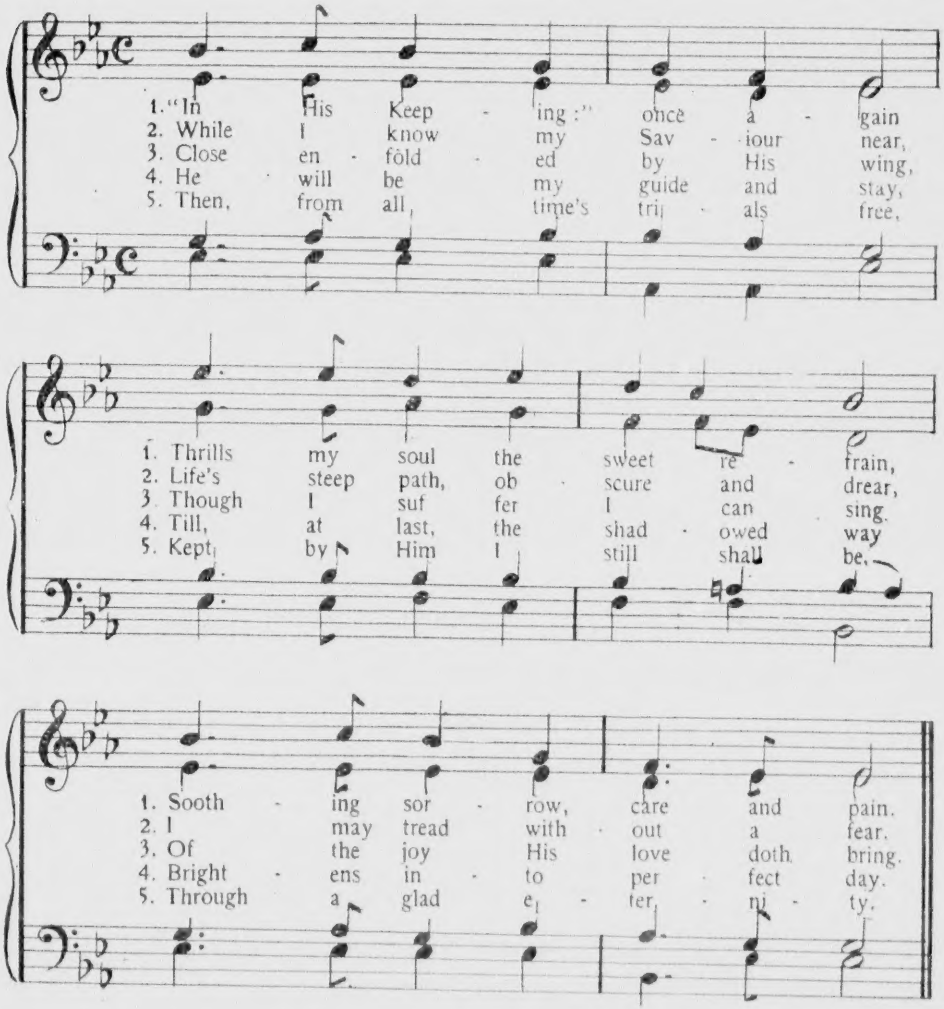
Thirty-first Day.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints" ("saved ones").

NO fear I feel, though I must fall asleep,
Folded in His embrace;
For ere I wake He will have brought me to
My longed-for resting place;—

Almost before I know the final step
Of my life-journey trod,
In His dear home I glad shall ope my eyes
And meet the smile of God.

—Through Darkness to the Light.

"In His Keeping."

Words by Amy Parkinson. Music by W. J. Hunter Emory, M.D.